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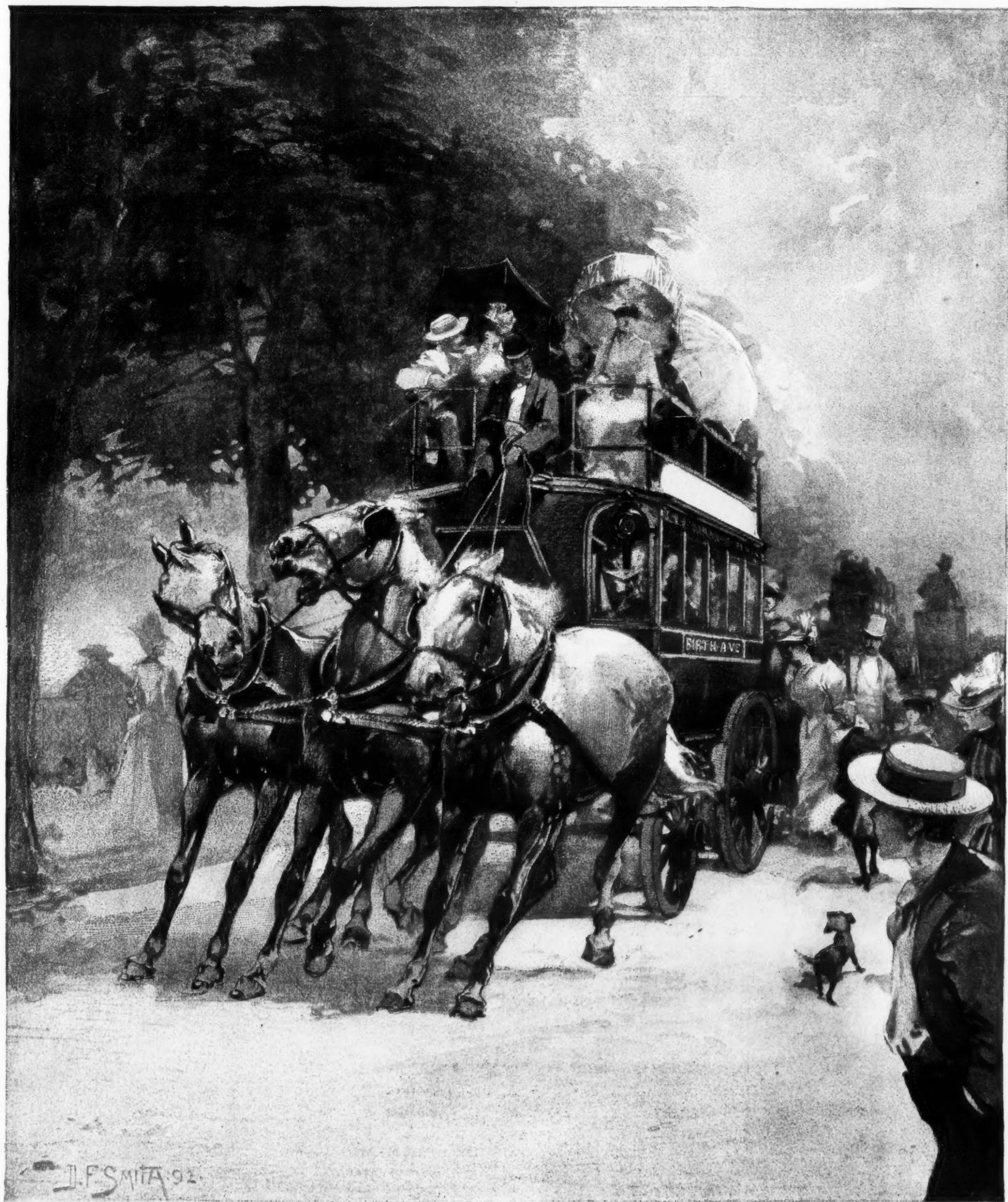
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1892

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A DISCIPLE OF THE PAST.—"Their perfume flooded the house."—[See Page 272.]



## COLORED NUMBER of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1892.

### CAN HARRISON CARRY NEW YORK?

IT is said by some Republican leaders that President Harrison's renomination is inadvisable because he cannot carry the State of New York. The implication is either that the President has proved himself unfaithful to his party obligations, or that there is something in his character or policy which would repel the support of the independent-thinking voters, who, in this State, practically decide every important election. Is this implication true, in whole or in part?

Every administration must be judged by its dominant motives and its average results. It will not be disputed anywhere that, taken as a whole, the administration of President Harrison has been exceptionally upright, conscientious, and patriotic. It has made the public good the supreme concern. It has been distinctively American, maintaining the rights of American citizenship and vindicating the national dignity as against all assailants. It has managed our foreign relations with straightforward courage and discretion. As to all the great commanding questions of the time—tariff, finance, reciprocity, the elevation of the civil service, and the preservation of the purity of the ballot—it has honestly carried out the pledges upon which it was elected. As a result of this fidelity to principle and its sound business policy the public prosperity has been augmented, our commerce has achieved triumphs in new fields, and the national security against untoward industrial and civic disorders has been largely strengthened. In the exercise of the appointing power President Harrison has displayed remarkable wisdom and sagacity. Even his partisan adversaries concede that all his more important appointments, diplomatic, judicial, and executive, have measured up to the very highest standard in point of ability and personal character of the appointees.

This is the record of the President as it has gone into history. To which of the features of this record do the critics who call in question his availability take exception? Where do they find in it anything which would alienate any honest Republican, or provoke the hostility of any sober-minded citizen of the Empire State?

When, four years ago, General Harrison was elected to the Presidency he was, as to his executive capacity, comparatively an untried man. As a soldier, a Senator, and a party leader, he had displayed qualities of the very highest order. He had shown himself, in intellectual breadth and grasp, in steadiness and equipoise of character, to be equal to every position which he had been called to fill. It was believed that the qualities thus displayed peculiarly qualified him for the larger sphere of the Presidency, and in that confidence he was elected. Does any man pretend that this confidence has not been justified by the event? President Harrison is infinitely stronger with the people of this country to-day than he was when he entered upon the Presidential office. He has demonstrated what was then merely conjectural, that he is a statesman in the loftiest conception of the word, familiar with the principles and capable of wisely administering the most responsible functions of government. If four years ago he was worthy of support on the strength of the record upon which he then stood, is it not the merest absurdity to pretend that he cannot effectively appeal to the people on the strength of his later and larger achievements?

It is not true that President Harrison cannot, if renominated, carry the State of New York. It is a reflection upon the people of the State to assert to the contrary. If any State in the Union is vitally concerned in the maintenance of the economic and business policy which has distinguished this administration, it is ours. If there is any great constituency which recognizes in purity, stability, and conscientiousness in the public administration the strongest safeguards of public order and the surest fountains of public prosperity, it is found here in the Empire State. And as between Benjamin Harrison representing this administrative policy, and any of the men who are suggested as candidates in his place, this constituency, if afforded an opportunity to express its preference, would declare itself with an emphasis no less marked and overwhelming than that with which the Democratic masses of the State are condemning the methods of David B. Hill.

The gentlemen who oppose General Harrison's renomination must be controlled by other than patriotic motives. Indeed that goes without saying. A campaign which has no better slogan than "Any man to beat Harrison" cannot in the nature of the case have its source in considerations of principle. Such a campaign can have but one impulse, and that is an exaggerated self-esteem joined to malice or incapacity to appreciate in others the higher and better qualities of human nature.

### QUEER, ISN'T IT?

SOME of our police captains seem to thrive mightily upon slender salaries. We read in the newspapers that

two of these officials who have felt called upon to resign because of the recent "shaking-up" in the department have amassed snug little fortunes after a few years of service, and will now retire and live in clover. Of one of them it is said that he has a farm not far away from the city, and also a ranch in Kansas. Of another it is said that he has managed to save out of his meagre salary a competence of \$100,000. This gentleman was formerly a scene-painter. Whether there is any connection between the fact of his financial success and the other fact that during a considerable part of his term as captain he was in command of a precinct in which dives and gambling-houses flourished to a scandalous extent, we are of course unable to say. Possibly there may be people who can explain the celerity with which a police official can rise out of comparative impecuniosity into opulence and ease.

### RESULTS OF FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

THE recent school elections in Illinois, at which the women of the State were permitted to vote, were marked by some curious results. In the first place it was shown that it is by no means true that the women are governed in their voting by considerations of sex. In some of the towns where two tickets were in the field, one having a majority of women, the female voters divided their forces, and in some cases the so-called woman's ticket was defeated by their votes. Another fact disclosed by these election results is that the women have come to understand perfectly the ordinary methods employed in elections. They displayed as much skill and did as much "fine work" as any veteran politicians. In one town they abstained from voting until two hours before the close of the polls, and then, massing their strength, carried the ballot-boxes by storm. One other fact demonstrated by these elections is that very many women do not care to avail themselves of the privilege of voting—their total poll in some towns of considerable population being altogether insignificant.

### SLOW PROGRESS OF THE NEW NAVY.

THE Naval Appropriation bill recently passed by the House of Representatives provides for the construction of one new cruiser. At this rate of progress it will be a long while before we succeed in getting a navy worthy of the name. The piecemeal policy pursued by Congress in its appropriations on this account is strikingly in contrast with that of Great Britain. While we may spend two millions or so in building a single ship, Great Britain, if she carries out the plans now contemplated, will in the next five years expend in the ordinary course of construction about one hundred and twenty million dollars. In the last five years she has expended merely in maintaining her rank as a maritime power one hundred and five million dollars, having put afloat seventy vessels of the latest design and most approved armament. It is plain that unless we greatly enlarge our conception of what a navy ought to be it will be a good many years before we approximate the naval fighting strength of Great Britain. If it is worth while to have a navy at all it would seem to be worth while to go about building it at once with some show of energy.

### UNWISE INTERFERENCE.

SOME recent interferences of the Secretary of the Treasury in the local politics of this city are not calculated to strengthen the administration among the rank and file of the Republican party. One of the most obnoxious of these cases is that of the removal of John E. Milholland from his position as supervising inspector of immigrants. There was no pretense that Mr. Milholland was not a valuable and efficient officer, but he had offended certain bosses in the Eleventh Assembly District by presuming to oppose the machine which has so long dominated that particular district, and, whatever may be claimed to the contrary, it was for that reason solely he was removed. In his movement for reform in district affairs he had the co-operation of a good many Republicans who are quite as much entitled to consideration as the magnates who have so long managed things to please themselves, but as none of these gentlemen hold Federal positions they were beyond the reach of Secretary Foster. The opinion of the Republican masses as to the secretary's act is very clearly shown by the fact that Mr. Milholland was elected subsequently by a practically unanimous vote as a delegate to the National Republican Convention from the Sixth Congressional District. It would be well if Federal officials could realize that nothing is more odious to the average Republican constituency, or more likely to be quickly resented, than official interferences with freedom of thought on the part of subordinates in authority.

### THE LOUISIANA ELECTION.

THE success of the anti-lottery Democratic ticket at the recent election in Louisiana is one of the most gratifying and significant political events of the year. Mr. M. J. Foster, the Governor-elect, has been from the start the leader of the anti-lottery movement, and his triumph guar-

antees the State an administration under which the public interests will be jealously protected against the organized abomination which has so long debauched its social and political life. The proposed amendment to the constitution, extending the charter of the lottery company on the payment of an annual State license, is of course dead, all the ballots cast having been printed in the negative. It ought not to be forgotten by the friends of good morals that the initial impulse of this victory over the lottery evil was given by a Republican Congress in excluding the lottery from the United States mails, and so putting the brand of outlawry on the whole concern.

It is thought in some quarters that the division of the Democratic party of Louisiana growing out of the lottery fight will be permanent. Not only will the McEnery or lottery Democrats contest the election of Foster on the ground of fraud, but it is expected that both factions will send delegates to the Democratic National Convention, and ask it to decide as to which is the regular organization. Doubt is expressed, however, as to whether the decision will have any real effect, since the losing faction will almost infallibly decline to accept it. If the Republicans of the State were united and had wise leadership they might possibly next fall carry the State for the national ticket, but until they can strangle the ambitions of rival leaders and make up their minds that spoils and patronage are not the supreme values in life, it can hardly be expected that they will achieve any success worth having.

### GENERAL PORTER'S SUCCESS.

THE very decided impulse which has recently been given to the movement for the erection of the Grant monument is due entirely to the energy and sagacity of General Horace Porter, the new president of the Monument Association. The indications now are that this patriotic project will be speedily carried to successful completion. General Porter's plan of campaign is aggressive at every point, and will so intimately touch all our important business and social interests that the response can hardly fail to be general and satisfactory. The popular demonstration on the occasion of the cornerstone-laying, last week, was certainly conclusive on this point. The difficulty with this monument project hitherto has been the want of a definite, sagacious, and comprehensive plan. As a result years have been frittered away in spasmodic efforts which have counted for nothing in their results. General Porter has deepened his hold upon popular esteem by the magnificent way in which he is carrying out the purpose which he was led to undertake.



GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

### THE FARQUHAR INSPECTORS BILL.

THE passage by the Legislature of the Farquhar Election Inspectors bill, which converts the election boards in this city into partisan machines for registering the decrees of Tammany Hall, was not unexpected. It is merely a part of the scheme of Senator Hill and his adherents to steal the Presidency and hold the State in vassalage to the horde of plunderers who now dominate it. There was no pretense that the boards of inspectors as heretofore constituted, with their numbers equally divided between the two parties, had failed to do their duty, or that the system worked injustice to anybody. Not a single argument based on grounds of public policy was advanced by any supporter of the measure. No such argument was possible.

Whether the dishonest purposes of the law can be fully carried out is yet to be seen. Much will depend upon the action of right-thinking citizens in guarding the polls and the manner in which the minority inspectors shall perform their duties. Vigilance and courage on the part of all those who believe in honest elections may, to some extent, baffle the schemes of the conspirators, but it will be impossible to defeat them altogether.

Mr. Percival Farquhar, who introduced this bill into the Legislature, is claimed to be a man of upright purpose and reputable character. He was, it is probable, simply the tool of the Tammany chieftains, who are experts in the art of using for their purposes persons better than themselves. Mr. Farquhar, who is a native of Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1863, is a graduate of Yale, a lawyer by profession, and was first elected to the Assembly in 1891. In the present House he is chairman of the military committee, and a member of the committees on Ways and Means and on Banks.



PERCIVAL FARQUHAR.



## CENSUS-TAKING IN ALASKA.

By IVAN PETROFF.

(Concluded.)

As soon as the enumeration of Koot village was completed I sacrificed my last spare shirt in the purchase of a bundle of dried fish, and set out one morning early, on foot, in search of people along the west bank of Koot River, a shallow stream, not navigable even for canoes beyond the limit of tide-water. Knowing that I should have to make my way over deep bogs and over mossy tundra, I left all baggage behind except my bundle of fish, wrapped up in my *kashbruch*, a water-proof shirt made of seal gut, and a small cup. The first day's work without my canoe was rather fatiguing, as I found the people scattered along both sides of the river, necessitating constant wading from one side to the other over a bottom of alternate loose gravel and softest clay. Occasionally I did not discover the dwelling-places until I had passed them and a whiff of the odor of decaying fish was carried to my nostrils by the breeze. Fortunately my unexpected appearance always caused a hurried assembly of old and young to gaze on the white man—a being many of them only knew from hearsay—and this saved me from crawling into houses through the dirty, low, and filthy passages. Late in the afternoon I was assured that no more people could be found farther up the river, and taking my bearings for a point on the coast about midway between Koot and the westernmost cape of Nunivak, I set out across the country. One old man offered me a place in his hut for the night, but one glance into the gloomy cavity, with its "sleeping-platform" covered with grass mats in various stages of rotteness, swarming with vermin, the central fire-place fenced in with walls of garbage and decaying animal remains, sufficed to induce me to decline with thanks his well-meant hospitality. A few minutes later I was striding along over the rolling tundra, now jumping from hummock to hummock, and then again describing large semicircles to avoid dangerous bog-holes. The breeze blowing over a vast expanse of heather and cloudberry-vines felt grateful and balmy, and my spirits rose, untroubled by the improbability of finding any shelter for the night. It was already dusk when my weary feet struck firmer rising ground, and I found myself slowly ascending the eastern slope of the only range of hills on Nunivak Island, running nearly north and south for ten to twenty miles inland from the western shore.

The soil now became uneven and rocky, causing one to stumble much in the growing darkness, and I had just thrown myself down, very much exhausted, to dip some water from a little pool, when I discovered an overhanging ledge of rock close by, forming quite a cavity beneath. In a few minutes I had gathered several armfuls of moss and made up my bed under the welcome shelter, and after a brief struggle with the tough fibre of air-dried fish I sank into slumber and happy oblivion of hunger, cold, dampness, and filthy Esquimaux.

The shrill cry of cranes overhead, the "cronk-cronk" of the gray goose, and the chattering of the ptarmigan greeted my ears on waking in the morning. As I carried no gun the birds were safe from me, and I made my breakfast on dried fish and water. My first objective point on taking up my journey was the highest point of the range of hills, in order to discover the most practicable route to the villages on the west coast of the island. Of my two pocket aneroid barometers I left one at my camping-place, the altitude of which I estimated at about seventy-five feet above sea level, and took the other instrument with me to ascertain approximately the height of a conical hill which loomed up in the distance. When I reached the foot of the cone after a gradual ascent over winding ridges, I found that it consisted of one mass of a porous tufa, very light, and brick-red in color. The red stone appeared only here and there through a coating of moss and lichens which enshrouded the mountains from top to bottom. When I reached the summit my barometer indicated one thousand eight hundred and fifty feet. The view from this point was very comprehensive. The extreme eastern point of the island, which I had named Cape Corwin, was hidden in haze, but the interior of the island, dotted with hundreds of lakes, and the deeply indented coast in the north, west, and south, lay clearly before me. I could easily ascertain the location of settlements by the more luxuriant vegetation of darker green appearing in the vicinity of Cape Mohican, and I could trace a route along the summits of a continuous ridge which promised easy walking. The flat body of the island showed a network of trails, with here and there crude, low pyramids of rock, piled up by the natives to serve as guides to travelers when winter snows have obliterated landmarks.

I had obtained my view just in the nick of time. As I stood there gazing and noting the salient points the white fog came rolling gently from the east, swallowing up the landscape in its progress. At the same time the wind rose, driving low, black clouds before it, and I had barely secured my note-book and instruments in the innermost recesses of my pocket when the rain came pelting down in torrents. Happily I had taken my bearings, and after a short detour to pick up my other barometer and bundle of fish, I struck out on a bee-line for the seacoast, with the wind and rain at my back. Not a square inch of shelter was anywhere in sight, and I had to make the best of a disagreeable situation the whole day long.

When I finally reached the seashore it was already dark, and I barely missed making my entry into the first house of Kanatag village through the smoke-hole in its roof. As it was, my nocturnal advent stirred up a perfect pandemonium of howling dogs and screeching women and children. After satisfying the inhabitants that I was not a midnight goblin, but a human being, I succeeded in making the enumeration, and at last found shelter and welcome rest under an upturned *angeok* or open skin-boat.

On the following day, after a fish breakfast, I set out again, skirting the rocky shore in the pelting rain. I visited and enumerated the two remaining villages, one just north of Cape Mohican and the other about twenty miles from Koot, on a tongue

of land, with a lagoon, resembling in every way Cape Etholin, and very apt to mislead navigators in search of the latter point in thick weather. The people here proved as inhospitable as their brethren; they absolutely refused to sell or give me any fish, and when I asked to be ferried across the head of the lagoon, about half a mile, which saved me ten or fifteen miles of walking, I could only prevail upon them to do so by cutting off the buttons of my coat to pay my fare. All offers of coin were invariably refused, our circulating medium being useless in this happy country.

My return to Koot village—a much better and wiser man—took place in the midst of a scene of great excitement. The conical turf roofs of the dwellings and the tops of *kuggats* (storehouses set on posts of drift-wood) were lined with people looking out to sea, chattering and jabbering. The frequent use of the word *angeok* (big boat) awakened in my drenched soul the hope that the *Corwin* was in sight, but only to be quickly blighted. It was the trader from Cape Vancouver, or Kayulik, as the natives called it, on his annual visit to leave supplies and to take away such articles of Nunivak trade as had accumulated in the hands of my friend, the *tuniachpuk*. The excitement rose higher and higher as the miserable craft approached, and finally culminated in a fusillade of blank fire from the guns, which was replied to from the boat. In the meantime the women and boys had prepared a steam bath in the *kashya*, or assembly hall, and as soon as the strangers, some ten or twelve men, had landed and piled up their goods they were invited to enter the smoking cavern. This was the last I saw of the visitors for that day. They were not "wined and dined," but roasted, parboiled, and feasted by the whole populace. From every tunnel-like house-door came scuttling forth boys and girls laden with trays heaped with the choicest delicacies: fish-heads, disinterred after being buried in the wet ground for a month; sea-weed and various green plants swimming in oil, hunks of ancient walrus and seal-blubber, long strings of gulls' breasts, air dried, from which the maggots had been brushed off hurriedly in an airy and nonchalant manner; trays heaped with bright-red fish-roe, glistening with viscid oil and sending forth a perfume which would wake the dead. I felt somewhat overcome with the sight of such abundance, and perhaps with the stench of it, while my stomach ached for very emptiness, and I retired to the privacy of my tent, which was happily located to windward of the festivities.

Later in the evening I examined the pile of goods representing the annual volume of trade of an island of seven hundred people. It consisted of three bales of leaf-tobacco of fifty pounds each, two half-sacks of damaged flour, four pieces of cotton prints and one of ticking, a soap-box full of matches, needles and thread, twenty pounds of powder, perhaps fifteen of bar lead, and about three thousand percussion caps. In addition there was a little package of tea and a few pounds of pilot bread and sugar for the use of the *tuniachpuk*. In exchange for this magnificent array of luxuries the trader, an Esquimaux also, carried away forty pairs of walrus-tusks worth from five to ten dollars a pair, several hundreds of tanned hair-seal skins, and hundreds of fathoms of seal and walrus thongs and lines—articles highly prized by the people living at a distance from the coast; one or two dozen each of red-fox and land-otter skins, and a large quantity of oil in bladders of all sizes.

Pressed by cold and hunger, I tried to purchase some matches and flour, offering money in payment. The legal tender was refused and I was told that nothing but trade would be accepted. Of trade I had now nothing left but a few walrus-tusks which I had purchased on first landing and lashed in the bottom of my canoe as ballast. Inwardly cursing the impudence of the *tuniachpuk*, now puffed up with the pride of possession, I sent one walrus-tusk weighing nearly ten pounds, and received in return a portion of a bunch of matches containing about one hundred and fifty. In a spirit of recklessness and overcome by the generosity displayed by my hosts, I sent the mate of the other tusk to the "store" and received in return a flat, tin saucepan cover, thinly spread with flour, about eight or ten ounces in weight. Visions of one or two sizzling flap-jacks battled in my mind with indignation at the shabby treatment, and hunger was just about to crow over subjugated pride and prudence, when a great clamor arose without, and I could clearly distinguish the words of "*gunk angeok*"—"the big fire-boat." Tossing aside contemptuously the miserable pittance of flour, I rushed to the nearest eminence to have my eyes gladdened by the sight of the *Corwin* pitching and tossing on a stormy sea some ten miles from shore. As I stood there gazing, full of joy and anxiety, her canvas disappeared and she came up into the wind, dropping her anchor.

The natives of Koot, measuring the white man's truthfulness by their own, had never believed my statement that a steamer would call for me, and looked upon me only as fair game for their pilfering. Now, with the *Corwin* in sight, their hearts—or the lumps of blubber that served them instead of that organ—underwent a sudden change. Offerings of delicacies, more or less disgusting in flavor and appearance, came from every household, with requests to use my influence with the chief of the big fire-boat in their behalf. I accepted nothing except an armful of wood and a few berries, and after warming my shivering limbs for a time I returned to the point of view to watch the movements of the steamer. Before long a muffled detonation came across the angry sea and through the growing darkness, followed by several others;—they were firing signal-guns for me. The now obsequious trader offered to waste some of his precious powder in reply, but I saw it was useless, with a gale blowing on shore. When darkness had finally swallowed up both ship and horizon I returned to my fluttering tent to toss and fret upon my pebbly bed until morning. The first dawn saw me on top of the nearest *kuggat*, only to find the steamer gone. Much depressed in spirit I returned to my tent—there was nothing to eat—but I felt too sore at heart to think of food. An hour passed in unpleasant reflections, when again the hubbub arose and the welcome sound of "fire-boat" struck my willing ears. True enough—the *Corwin*, having been compelled by a gale to retreat from a bad

lee-shore, hove in sight once more and was clearly heading for the sheltered anchorage to the east of Cape Etholin. I lost no time in throwing into my canoe what few belongings were left to me after my stay among the inhospitable Nunivak whackers, and after making a "mud-portage" from the lagoon across a narrow isthmus, all anxiety was set at rest by the sight of the steamer at anchor. She seemed the prettiest ship in the world to me then. A boat was sent to meet me, and in a few moments I stood upon the deck shaking hands with Captain Hooper, the genial commander, and his officers, who all combined in making my journeyings with them a pleasant memory.

Only after the first excitement of the rescue had passed away began I to feel my truly dilapidated condition. Hunger was uppermost, of course, and abundant material to appease it was not long forthcoming, but I also began to feel the soreness of every limb, resulting from constant exposure and sleeping upon the bare ground; the deep holes in my fingers and palms, caused by paddling and subsequent action of salt water upon the sores, began to burn and ache, and required treatment from the hands of the kind physician of the *Corwin*. For several days subsequent to my departure from the island a craving for food would seize me at frequent intervals.

Under such adverse circumstances the census of Nunivak was taken—an enumeration of perhaps the only Alaskan natives who had never known that they once belonged to Russia, and who do not know or believe that they belong to the United States.

As the *Corwin* was steering away for Behring Sea and the Seal Islands we sighted two steamers, Her Majesty's steamer *Pheasant* and the steamer *Danube*, with the English members of the Behring Sea Commission on board. The commanders of both vessels had kindly offered to endeavor to find me and bring me back to Unalaska, but Captain Hooper's prompt appearance on the earliest date named by me made their services unnecessary, though the offer will ever be gratefully remembered by me.

## THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR.

EVERYBODY has heard, during the past month or two, with growing interest, the rumor and hum of preparation for the Actors' Fund Fair. Comparatively few, however, even of the members of the dramatic profession, outside of the metropolitan headquarters, have realized the magnitude and scope of this novel benevolent enterprise, which has for its immediate object the establishment of an orphanage for actors' children, and the placing of the Actors' Fund organization upon such a substantial financial basis as it has long deserved and needed, but never as yet possessed. Let us say at once that the abundant success of the fair, in every respect, is absolutely assured now, before its opening; and that the honor of this triumphant achievement is directly due to the enthusiastic labors of the ladies of the stage, to whose call for aid the public and "the profession" alike have generously responded.

About the time that the pictorial illustrations which these notes accompany reach the public, the doors of the Madison Square Garden will be thrown open upon the fairy-like realities of a spectacle unprecedented in the annals of the theatre. The fair is to occupy the garden during the entire week of May 2-7. The general architectural scheme—directed by Mr. Stanford White, and the expense of which, over six thousand dollars, has been defrayed by sixteen leading metropolitan managers headed by Mr. A. M. Palmer—is a compact group of structures filling the entire space of the oblong arena, save an encircling exterior promenade. The entrance is a triumphal arch of imposing dimensions, flanked by a classic colonnade. The interior vista is that of a main street in some old English town—say Stratford-on-Avon—terminating at the farther extremity in a mass of verdure and bloom, which is the flower-boothe.

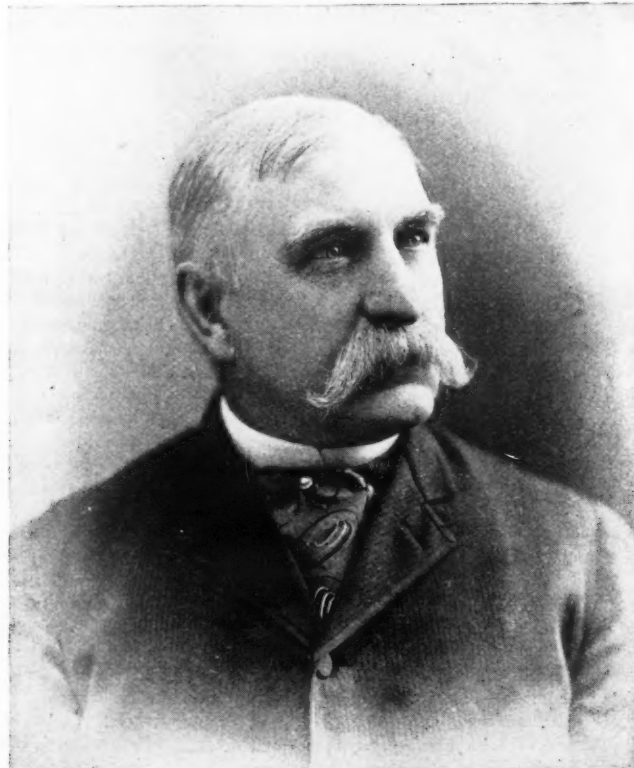
What are these historic-looking houses, alternately quaint Elizabethan and gorgeously Oriental, that line the picturesque avenue? This octagonal, fortress-like structure on the right is unmistakably Actor-manager Shakespeare's old Globe Theatre, in London. A little farther on is that world-famed shrine, the old house at Stratford-on-Avon in which Shakespeare was born. It is not a mere painted delusion, but a real reproduction of the original structure, with the room on the second story containing the bust of the immortal bard and a collection of appropriate relics. Just across the way are two or three other historic play-houses and theatrical landmarks; while, amidst Eastern fabrics and rich pagodas, Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop peeps out with the kindly look of an old friend. This latter perfect realization of a happy idea represents, by the way, the work of the New York Women's Press Club for the fair. Like all the other interesting houses in this reminiscent wonderland, it is a selling-boothe on an elaborate scale, its stock in trade being especially literary and stage bric-à-brac, donated by the celebrities of these two professions. In the midst of the kaleidoscopic scene is a delightful old-fashioned village green, with a garlanded Maypole in the centre—just such as one reads about in Dickens and Miss Mitford. The illusion is completed by a carpeting of real (stage) grass, springy to the feet, and green as English meadows.

Such is a faint outline of the sights to be seen by the hundreds of thousands of patrons who will throng the Actors' Fund Fair during this current week. These patrons will have the additional pleasure of knowing that the nobly destined fund which their dollars go to swell has passed far beyond the one-hundred-thousand-dollar mark which its managers originally set as their goal. By the middle of April they had \$50,000 in cash subscriptions, besides donations of merchandise amounting to more than twenty thousand dollars. The lady officers of the executive committee, who have combined such tact and energy with winning grace in their labor of love to this magnificent result, are: Mrs. A. M. Palmer, president; Mrs. Edward E. Kidder and Mrs. A. C. Van Brunt, vice-presidents; Misses Georgia Cayvan, Emma Frohman, and Alice Fischer, secretaries. Besides, the list of minor committees, booth organizers, and active patronesses in general includes hundreds of names prominent in the social as well as the dramatic world.





PETER A. B. WIDENER.



WILLIAM L. ELKINS.



RESIDENCE OF P. A. B. WIDENER.



RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM L. ELKINS.

## THE MAGNATES OF THE PHILADELPHIA TRACTION COMPANY.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE QUESTION OF MUNICIPAL REFORM.

It may be doubted whether any question now before the people of this country possesses intrinsically greater importance, or involves larger interests than that of sound municipal government. And yet this great question is almost everywhere relegated to the background. Voters who are most manifestly incompetent to solve the intricacies of monometallism or bimetalism or the tariff take an absorbing interest in these questions, while that of a pure, wholesome, honest, business-like city government—the burning question of the hour—barely causes a ripple of interest or of excitement. Municipal robberies are of such frequent occurrence that they cause very little more comment than the arrest of a pickpocket or the familiar “green goods” man or bunco-steerer. The mass of the people sit idly by, too busy, too selfish to concern themselves about public affairs, with a blind egotism reasoning that that which concerns the body politic, and not their affairs individually, must be nobody’s business.

The three great cities of the country, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, have been distinguished within the past two months by three great attempts at municipal robbery. In Chicago nine of the city Solons are under indictment for conspiracy and bribe-taking. It is the sincere and earnest wish of every good citizen that they may follow Mackey to Joliet. For years past it has been a well-known fact that no ordinance had a ghost of a chance to get through the Chicago Board of Aldermen except upon the C. O. D. principle. The nine who are under an indictment by the grand jury of Cook County are variously charged with bribe-taking on behalf of the Consolidated Gas Company, by which steal the citizens of Chicago pay thirty cents more a thousand for their gas than they did before the consolidation, and get an inferior supply at a higher pressure. Another one of these Chicago steals was the tax levied upon the Wisconsin Central—the Chicago terminus of the Northern Pacific system—for permission to enter the World’s Fair city. Some critics place this *courtesy* at four hundred thousand dollars.

That was a piece of corporation generosity the like of which we seldom meet with. Other steals were in connection with cable and electric-car franchises.

There is one exhilarating item in connection with these Chicago “boddlers,” and that is the alleged plan by which the “conscience-destroyer” reached their pockets. Did they walk boldly into the treasurer’s office and receipt for their checks? Did they have handed to them envelopes without an address, in the wash-room? Oh, dear, no! Nothing so bare-faced as that. The idea that one municipal thief should try to corrupt another municipal thief! Shocking! And then, should any one “peach”? What a prospect! For unalloyed “cuteness” the latest “deal” on the Chicago plan must be accorded the palm. A trust company is said to have rented out, upon one occasion, a number of strong-boxes; the “Clearing House,” i. e., the stakeholder for the corruption fund, handed these worthy civil officers their individual keys. Upon opening these boxes one and all were astounded beyond measure to find a one-thousand-dollar bill all by itself, and apparently with no owner except the man who “found” it. Is that not like “finding money”?

In New York, beyond the usual Tammany “heeling” and “blackmailing,” and Dr. Parkhurst’s raid on the “finest,” municipal affairs have been rather quiet. Suddenly Governor Flower, “Hill’s man,” signs the Park Speedway bill, by which act the money of the citizens was to be diverted to building a speeding-ground for those of our sporting or leisure class who can afford the luxury of a team of Electioneers or Wilkes. For once public opinion was actually stirred to fever heat and to such a boiling-over point that this year’s remarkable Legislature actually swallowed its own record and repealed the law. What Governor Flower was about when he signed the bill is yet shrouded in mystery. Perhaps he had another one of those attacks of vertigo, and thus failed to clearly see his plain duty to the taxpayers of this much-ruled city. Besides this, there are the

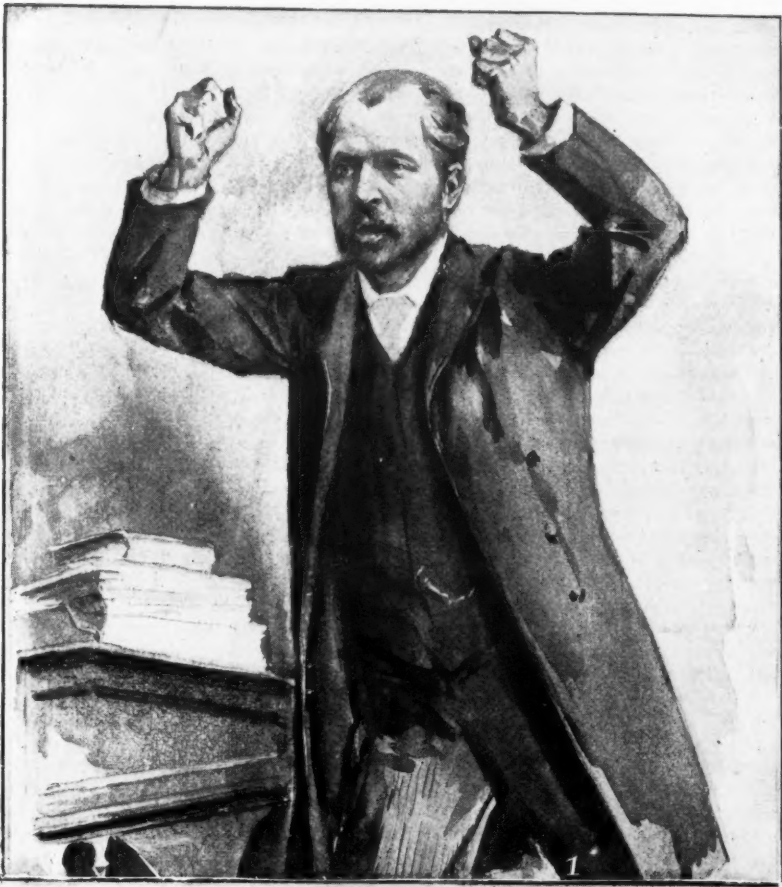
Huckleberry Railroad and Brooklyn Bridge bills, and others, all of which seem to meet the approval of the politicians for no other reason, perhaps, than that their provisions are inimical to the principles of good government.

When we turn toward the Quaker City, we involuntarily conclude that those old disciples of Penn. and Penn himself, must have felt their bones rattle—if they have any left—at the “goings on” in the staid Penn township over a recent and successful municipal robbery. The Traction Company has once more hung its iron collar about the necks of the Quaker burghers, this time in the shape of a trolley ordinance, which has no other purpose than the enrichment of the Traction people and the discomfort, danger, and consequent loss in thousands of the city homes. As an example of unblushing municipal rascality, the passage of this ordinance permitting the use of the obnoxious and unsightly trolley system on a large number of Philadelphia’s streets is certainly without a parallel in the almost limitless area of municipal corruption.

To those who are acquainted with Philadelphia’s streets it is known that, with few exceptions, they are exceedingly narrow and not at all suited to the trolley system; in fact, if there is one American city where this system is not adaptable it is most assuredly Philadelphia. And yet what do we see? First, what is the Philadelphia Traction Company? The Union Passenger Railway Company, as it was originally known, incorporated in 1864, occupied Seventh and Ninth streets, with branches that led to Kensington, Richmond, and the Park. It tapped rapidly-growing sections of the city, and within a few years became one of the most powerful and affluent of Philadelphia’s street railroads. When the Market Street company had been almost bankrupted by the over-issue of its stock by its president, John C. Morton, the Union Line stepped in and leased the Market Street Line; since then absorbing the Chestnut and Walnut, Spruce and Pine, Lombard and South, Twelfth and Sixteenth, Seventeenth and

(Continued on page 233.)





1. MR. ALLEN OF MISSISSIPPI MAKES ONE OF HIS CHARACTERISTIC SPEECHES. 2. MR. COBB OF ALABAMA PRODUCES THE ORIGINAL "DOYLE" BALLOTS. 3. A "TILT" BETWEEN COLONEL O'FERRALL AND MR. BOURKE COCKRAN. 4. MR. FELLOWS CLOSES THE CASE FOR ROCKWELL. 5. MR. ROCKWELL LISTENS TO THE DEBATES.

THE NOYES-ROCKWELL ELECTION CASE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—DRAWN BY CLINEDINST FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 236.]



# A DISCIPLE OF THE PAST.

By ADA MARIE PECK.

MISS DUDLEY was avowedly a disciple of the past; she neither liked new people, new ways, new ideas, and certainly not new houses. Her predilection was, however, considered an evidence of bad taste—at least her sister, Mrs. John Fordyce, so considered it.

She had just gone up to Boston for her first visit to Mrs. Fordyce, who was newly married, and they were being driven, one fine August morning, in that slow, dignified fashion in which the Fordyce coachman always drove.

"There, that is the house of which I was speaking," exclaimed Miss Dudley, leaning out of the carriage. "It has such a grand, stately air, like some magnificent dame of the olden time—"

Mrs. Fordyce shrugged her pretty shoulders and interrupted her with a gesture of remonstrance.

"Now, Janet, please don't be eccentric. At home, where everybody knows the Dudleys, it is all very well; but here, among strangers and people who are exceedingly conventional, it will never answer. Besides, it will mortify John."

"A fig for the Fordyces and Boston, and conventional people generally," coolly returned Miss Dudley. "I am here to see you and to amuse myself. I shall say what I have always said, and do just as I have always done." Then she leaned back in the carriage, making a very charming picture with the lovely outline of her cheek, the pure, delicate coloring of her face, and the mass of soft, dark hair, tawny when the sun touched it, brought out by the rich wine-red of the cushions.

The old brown-stone house had made a profound impression upon her, and she was thinking of it. It was, evidently, nearly a century old. Had she, in some past period of existence, lived in it? Had she, in a scant, short-waisted gown and a high back-comb, listened to words of love from a stately cavalier in powder and knee-breeches? She was very sure she could remember what he said to her out there in the old garden: then, still young and fair and beloved, she died, to live again as Miss Dudley. Miss Dudley at times entertained peculiar beliefs, and this was one of them—that sometime, somehow, some way, that house was inextricably woven with her past, or would be with her future.

Mrs. Fordyce, in the meantime, was thinking how extremely well her sister was looking for her age, and how especially pretty this morning.

"I wish the judge could see her," she said to herself.

A bride at nineteen, the decade of years between herself and Miss Dudley seemed a half-century, and she had a feeling of responsibility in her behalf, and a little scheme of matchmaking. Just at present, as a young old-maid, Janet was very well; but time was passing, and by and by, as a veritable spinster, how forlorn life would be for her! She acted upon the thought when they were snugly ensconced in her morning-room after their drive.

"Do you—don't you—what do you think of John's uncle, Judge Fordyce?" she asked, in despairing attempt to put the question carelessly.

"I think he is a nice old gentleman," answered Miss Dudley, indifferently.

"How can you say that!" indignantly exclaimed her sister. "He isn't a day over forty-five. Then he is rich and distinguished, and admires you so much. He said one day that you ought not to condemn all mankind because you found one man unworthy."

And Mrs. Fordyce, having said more than she intended, looked half frightened, while Miss Dudley quietly remarked:

"So you have been talking of that old affair to him. I prefer that you should not discuss that with strangers. As for Judge Fordyce, although I am medieval in my tastes, it doesn't follow that I am partial to middle-aged men."

Miss Dudley looked pale and weary, the pretty flush of animation all gone. Then some sudden thought caused her to turn and ask abruptly:

"Who owns that old house we passed? It looked deserted. Where are the people who usually occupy it?"

"I think I heard John say one day that it was owned by the Seymour family, but I do not think they live there at present; probably they are abroad. Now please don't be tiresome and ask me anything further, because I cannot answer if you do; or tell me that the house is 'colonial,' for I despise old-fashioned houses; and I really know nothing more about the Sey-

mours except that they were one of the best families."

Then pretty Mrs. Fordyce considered the subject dismissed, and yawned wearily, closing her eyes and leaning her head back against the slumber-pillow.

"Let's see," said Miss Dudley, reflectively, "we just turned the corner and drove down the next street. Why, the rear of that garden must be adjoining to the back of your lawn!"

"Perhaps so," responded her sister, drowsily. "I'll see for myself before many days;" and Miss Dudley gave an emphatic little nod.

That very evening she stood by an open window looking out upon the beauty of the night. The moon shone brightly, and a faint, delicious perfume was wafted into the room.

"Ah," she said, drawing a long breath, "there is the odor of evening primroses. I am quite sure it comes from that old garden. I must get nearer to them." So, throwing a wrap over her head and shoulders, she announced her intention of taking a little walk.

"You will, of course, have Jenkins go with you," said her sister.

"By no means. If I cannot hunt up a primrose without Jenkins's help I will stay at home. It is as light as day, the streets are perfectly quiet, and I shall only be gone a few moments."

Miss Dudley followed the direction in which they drove the day before, and soon found herself on the street where the old house stood, and where the garden was in which she was sure the primroses grew. How sweet they were! She inhaled their delicate, penetrating odor, and longed for a bunch of them to take home. There was not a particle of fear in her make-up, nor did she even stop to think that it was an unusual proceeding to enter strange grounds by day, much more by night, and pressing the latch of the great gate, which yielded to her touch and swung back in a slow, heavy way, she climbed the terraces, then went down them again, under the arched entrance, into the quaint old garden with its neglected box-bordered paths. She felt no sense of loneliness, for she could see that the garden really did join the rear of the Fordyces' lawn, and that it was the very one she had seen from her chamber window; so she sat down on one of the rustic seats and gave herself up to a pensive reverie. Everything was flooded with the mellow radiance of the harvest moon, and she fell to thinking that on just such evenings, in years gone by, others had come upon the same quest. What had become of all the people who had gone down the terrace steps and through the box-bordered walks to listen breathlessly for that little burst of sound with which the primroses welcomed the twilight and made ready to offer their fragrant incense to the fair, full moon?

"Dear, dead women, with such hair, too! What's become of all the gold used to hang and brush their bosoms?" she repeated, softly; feeling somehow that the women who lived in that house and watched the flowers a half-century before had been beautiful. Then she sighed—for it all seemed very sad to her—and retraced her steps. As she went out of the great side gate and fastened it a quick rush of color came into her cheeks, for she saw that she had been observed and must be considered a rude trespasser, if not open to grave suspicions. But instead, the lady standing on the steps of the house addressed her graciously, remarking upon the beauty of the evening, while she hastened to apologize for her trespass:

"I am visiting at the Fordyces," she said in explanation, "and came over here to just enjoy the delicious odor of the primroses in this delightful garden. I must seem an intruder."

"Not in the least," replied the lady with ready courtesy. "I am Miss Seymour," she added, reaching out her hand cordially. Then Miss Dudley saw by the light which streamed from the hall door that her interlocutor was a charming little old lady, with softly-puffed silvery hair, and much fleecy lace about her neck.

"So you are the guest of Dr. Fordyce?"

"No; of John Fordyce, who married my sister."

The old lady looked bewildered for a moment, as if it escaped her mind who John Fordyce was; then said, in the most cordial manner:

"I am very glad to know you. Your love of my favorite flower is in itself an incentive to further acquaintance. I do wish that you would waive all ceremony, and come and help me enjoy a great bunch of these primroses which I have just brought in."

Miss Dudley could resist neither the winning

smile nor the charming manner, nor yet the flowers, so she followed Miss Seymour into the wide hall, where, on a highly-polished table of some dark wood in which their reflection was cast by the lighted tapers in the sconce, stood a magnificent bunch of primroses. They were in a blue-and-white Chinese vase of quaint shape, and their perfume flooded the house. It affected her strangely—it was not surfeiting, but intoxicating; and seemed tangible and visible, as if there were filmy threads of it, like finest yellow silk, blowing here and there.

"But do come and sit with me a little while;" hospitably urged her hostess. "I have just returned after a long absence, and there is much I would like to hear about."

Then she led the way into a room opening off the hall, and gave her guest a seat by the cheerful little blaze in the fire-place.

As she took the seat, Miss Dudley hastened to say in an explanatory tone: "I must not enjoy your hospitality under false pretenses—this is my first visit in the city, and as I have been here but a short time, I am quite ignorant of its people and affairs."

Her hostess only smiled in a slow, sweet manner, which encouraged Miss Dudley to further remark:

"I am such an admirer of the things of the past, that I am sure you will pardon me if I say that I think this room most charming."

"I am glad that you do," her hostess responded, graciously. "I like it, of course, for it is made precious to me by many memories, and seems doubly dear now that I have returned."

Meanwhile, Miss Dudley's quick eye had been taking in every detail—the highly-polished floor strewn with rich Turkish rugs and with tiger and leopard skins; the beautifully-carved furniture, the soft tones of the luxurious but faded draperies; the stately men and fair women who looked down from the massive frames on the walls and, lit up by the fantastic play of the flames, seemed to smile and make stiff little bows. There was a corner cupboard of carved mahogany in the room, and Miss Dudley, at her hostess's bidding, rose to look at the choice old china it contained.

There was a Lovejoy plate, and Miss Dudley exclaimed with delight, and ventured to say that it was a pity to have it hidden in the cupboard, and that it would be charming hung upon the wall.

"But do pardon me," she added, apologetically. "How very rude for me to make suggestions to you."

Again Miss Seymour smiled—a delicate, evanescent smile, that seemed to Miss Dudley as if it were, perhaps, the ghost of her girlhood's smile; and there was a faint flush on her cheeks, just as Miss Dudley remembered seeing, late in spring, a shadowy rose-color still lingering on withered winter apples.

"You see I have been gone a long time, and am quite out of the way of doing these little things. I am glad to receive suggestions."

Then, while Miss Dudley was inwardly pronouncing her a dear, old-fashioned little body, she remarked that in the drawing-room across the hall there were some rare cups and saucers, and, lighting a candle, asked her guest to come and examine them. They were presented, she said, by Chinese royalty to her grandfather, in recognition of some service.

In the bow-window of the room, looking out upon the moonlight, were two figures in close conversation—a tall young man and a slender girl dressed in white. Miss Seymour, who was somewhat deaf, did not seem to hear them; but Miss Dudley could not help hearing or help seeing their lover-like attitude.

"How much do you love me?" asked the youth.

"How can I tell?" replied the girl. "Is love a thing to be weighed or measured? Is love—"

"Just a delusion," mentally answered Miss Dudley, hastening to say that she must go.

"I beg that you will not," urged her hostess, as they left the room. "At least not until you have had a cup of tea. I cannot permit you to go without. James will bring it directly."

As she finished speaking an elderly servant brought in a dainty tea-service of purple and gold and arranged it on a little circular table before the sparkling fire, while the young couple sauntered leisurely in from the drawing-room.

"My niece and my nephew, Robert Seymour," informally announced the hostess, as she busied herself pouring the fragrant beverage.

The niece was a beautiful young girl, quaintly dressed in a short-waisted white gown, and Miss Dudley thought her very brave to defy fashion, and wear her luxuriant golden hair in a curling mass about her shoulders. Her lover leaned over her chair with his handsome dark eyes full of devotion, and soon after the light refreshments, made a graceful excuse about hav-

ing a little music, and the pair went back to the drawing-room.

As Miss Dudley was bidding her hostess good-night she heard the young man singing in a pathetic yet impassioned voice:

"Grieve not, deare love, although we often part,  
But know that Nature doth us gently sever,  
Thereby to train us up, with tender arte,  
To brooke that day when we must part forever."

"He sails for India next week, and it is hard for them to part, poor young things," Miss Seymour said, in answer to her guest's inquiring look.

Then, accompanied by the staid servant, who walked deferentially behind her, and with her hostess's cordial farewell words, "I am so glad that we could pass this evening together, and I trust we may often meet," as a pleasant remembrance, Miss Dudley went home, saying to herself that Bostonians, especially those of the old school, were, after all, delightfully unconventional.

When she reached the steps of her brother-in-law's house her sister met her and threw herself into her arms, weeping violently.

"Oh, Milly, what has happened?" exclaimed Miss Dudley, in great alarm. "Is John ill?" But that could not be, for there was Mr. Fordyce standing in the doorway grave and solemn. "Can there be bad news from home—father?" Then Miss Dudley gasped and grew pale. "Tell me quickly."

Instead of a direct answer, Mrs. Fordyce sobbed:

"Janet, how could you do so?"

While her husband said, in a most forbidding tone:

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to give an account of yourself."

They had passed into the house and closed the door, when there came a loud double knock. Mr. Fordyce opened the door and disclosed two policemen.

"We find no such lady as you describe," said one, touching his hat. Then Mr. Fordyce went out for further conversation with them, leaving Miss Dudley looking from her sister to Judge Fordyce, who had been called in, and asking indignantly:

"What does all this mean? I have been out for an hour's walk, and this uproar is made about it! I am not accustomed to such espionage."

"An hour's walk! Why, Janet, you left here at eight o'clock, and it is now two in the morning. Where have you been?" And her sister's face was full of anxiety.

"Yes," interrupted her brother-in-law, loftily, "it has been a curious proceeding. You will please explain." And he fixed his cold, gray eyes upon her with a look of unpleasant expectancy, as much as to say: "Who knows what imprudence a woman who is not a Fordyce may commit?"

"Yes. If I please," answered Miss Dudley with a strong emphasis upon "if," an air of hauteur and a hot wave of color spreading over her face. "I am not in the habit of accounting for every movement; however, to gratify Milly, who seems quite unstrung, let me state that I have been sitting for an hour with Miss Seymour, who lives, you remember, Milly,—turning to her sister—" in that charming old house with the stone lions at the steps. She is the most delightful person I have met in a long time. I really could not get away without drinking tea with her; then she sent her servant to see me safely home. An ideal servant, by the way, so respectful and dignified."

"Why, Janet!" exclaimed Mrs. Fordyce, her blue eyes big with amazement. "How can you talk so at random? I watched you coming up the street in the bright moonlight, and you were entirely alone!"

"Miss Seymour's servant came to the foot of the steps with me," returned Miss Dudley with quiet dignity. "You must have heard me thank him."

"The house where you profess to have spent the evening has not been occupied for twenty years," coolly remarked John Fordyce, with disagreeable emphasis on "profess."

Then Miss Dudley rose from her chair and stood straight and pale:

"What does this mean?" she demanded, with clear, incisive voice. "Tell me instantly. I will not endure such suspicion, or listen to such falsehoods. Miss Seymour has just returned from a long absence, and her nephew, Mr. Robert Seymour, is with her, also her niece, to whom he is betrothed."

Judge Fordyce, who had been a silent but interested listener, stepped to Miss Dudley's side with an air of protection and of courteous reassurance.

"You have been passing the evening at the old Seymour house, and found Miss Seymour a delightful hostess?"



"Yes," answered Miss Dudley, turning to him with a look of relief, noticing, as never before, the kindly expression of his handsome dark eyes, and his fine air of dignity, in delightful contrast to her brother-in-law's primness. "Such a charming old house," she continued, giving a rapid sketch of its furnishings, and of her conversation with its mistress.

"Then you have met with a strange and unaccountable experience. For this house, as John says, has not been occupied for twenty years or more, and Miss Seymour has been dead something over twenty-five, surviving her nephew, who was lost on his voyage to India, and her niece, who died of grief soon after the news came, but a short time. Even the old servant, whose description I recognize, as well as that of the interior of the house, has long been among the silent majority." The judge held his watch before her bewildered eyes: "That it is past two, you can see for yourself."

"But I left there at twenty minutes of nine by the long clock on the stair landing, which Miss Seymour assured me was correct." Then Miss Dudley dropped in a chair nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, while her sister was assisted away by Jenkins, her maid, in an almost hysterical state, tapping her forehead significantly, and whispering to her husband something about delusion and a doctor.

"Doctor! delusion!" exclaimed Miss Dudley, indignantly. "I was never in better health; and I am much more sane than the rest of you."

Judge Fordyce again interposed. "I do not think, Miss Dudley," he said, soothingly and deferentially, "that you labor under a delusion, or are not of a sound mind. You simply have met with an experience which demonstrates a theory I have always entertained; that space is not as empty as we think it is; nor are the departed as oblivious of, or indifferent regarding their former scenes and possessions as we are taught to believe. Given the right conditions and a suitable road for their journey, and, oftener than we think, they revisit the scene of their earthly happiness."

John Fordyce sniffed contemptuously, and Miss Dudley looked incredulous.

"I am not yet convinced," she said, "that there is not a conspiracy on your part. For I certainly took that tea cup in my hand, and smelled those flowers!"

"To-morrow, if I may have the pleasure," said the judge, coming to Miss Dudley's side, "I will take you to visit the Seymour place." Then he took her hand in his firm yet gentle grasp, detaining it just a second longer than necessary, and bowed himself out.

At sunset the next day, Judge Fordyce called for Miss Dudley, explaining as they walked along that the management of the Seymour estate had been for many years in the hands of his law firm, and that he knew the house and its former occupants well.

As they ascended the weather-beaten steps between their grim guardians, the stone lions, Miss Dudley felt a little thrill of superstitious fear; but as Judge Fordyce unlocked the ponderous door and held it open for her to pass in, her bewilderment was beyond description. The long clock stood on the landing, as she had seen it the night before, but it was dust-covered and silent; and in the place of the rich draperies and carved furniture there were only bare, empty rooms, where their voices reverberated solemnly, and which the rays of the setting sun, piercing through defective shutters, illuminated but to show more clearly and sadly their desolation.

Miss Dudley looked about her in speechless amazement, and was so pale that the judge hastily unbolted a side-door and led her out into the garden.

She looked at him appealingly: "Is it possible," she said, "that I am about to lose my reason?"

"To the contrary, it is because you are fully possessed of it that this strange experience has been yours. You go to-morrow?"

"Yes; for I shall only be watched here," answered Miss Dudley, sadly. "My sister furiously watches me, or has her maid do so. John evidently considers me uncanny, if not untruthful. I cannot conceive why all this should happen."

All the time the judge was thinking how beautiful she was in her fair, pale stateliness; the afterglow lighted her face with a delicate pink flush, like some finely-cut cameo; and her little trouble gave her a look of piteous appeal which he could not resist, and which brought to his lips words that had been in his heart since he first met her, a year before.

"Janet," he said, softly, and she started at the unwonted use of her name; "years ago, when the golden-haired girl who loved Robert Seymour better than she did me was buried in her youthful loveliness, I thought my heart was

buried with her; but some touch of magic has re-created it, and I find it throbbing as warmly as ever. I am years your senior, a grave, elderly man—but, I love you. Tell me, Janet"—and the judge bent an earnest glance on her sweet face—"do those three words form a bridge that will cross disparity of years?"

Miss Dudley, weak and bewildered, looked shyly up into her lover's handsome, pleading eyes, and he seemed so manly, so tender, such a bulwark of strength, that with a trustful gesture she put out her hands to him and answered unfalteringly:

"Yes; a bridge that will span the space between earth and heaven."

Judge Fordyce tenderly gathered her to his heart for one brief moment, fervently whispering as he bent to kiss her: "May God grant it!" And the words sounded to her like a peaceful benediction.

Then they turned to go, and there at their side were the primroses—flowerless stalks a moment before—now crowned with golden glory!

"Typical of our lives," said the judge, as he broke off a branch and placed it in Miss Dudley's hand.

#### THE FEUD.

Rocks, trees and rocks, and down one mossy stone  
A clammy ooze of water that betrays  
No murmur; and the mountain spring lies lone,  
An icy deep of molten chrysoprase,  
Where two wild roads the mountain's bottom graze.

Here sang the thrush, whose every liquid note  
Dropped golden honey through the fragrant June;  
The cat-birds and the blue-jays passing wrote  
Their presence on the silence with a tune;  
And here the fox drank 'neath the dewy moon.

Young ferns and noiseless mosses and deep brush—  
Bewildered with the briars, dark and dense,  
Heaped up and wedged, that, twisting, seemed to crush

The wading beeches with green billows—whence  
Sprawled out the straggle of an old rail fence.

A wasp buzzed by, and then a butterfly  
In royal crimson, like a floating flame;  
And then a man, hard-eyed and very sly,  
Gaunt-cheeked and haggard and a little lame,  
With an old rifle down the mountain came.

He listened, drinking from a flask he took  
Out of the ragged pocket of his coat;  
Then all around him cast a stealthy look;  
Lay down and watched the buzzards soar and float,  
His fingers tangled in his hairy throat.

The shades grew longer, and the mountain height  
Split violet splendors; and the slope was dark.  
Around the road one horseman rode in sight,  
Young, strong, blonde-bearded. Stretching stern  
and stark  
He in the thicket sighted at his mark.

Sharp echoes barked among the hills, and made  
Repeated instants of the shot's distress;  
One headlong lunge. The trampled sumachs swayed;  
Then silence packed with murder and the press  
Of frightened hoofs that galloped riderless.

MADISON CAWEIN.

#### MUNICIPAL REFORM.

(Continued from page 230.)

Nineteenth, Eighteenth and Twentieth, and various subdivisions of these companies. With the introduction of the cable, the entire system became the Philadelphia Traction Company. The cable is used only upon the Seventh and Ninth Street line, the Columbia Avenue branch, and upon Market Street. Now it is proposed to "trolley" all the other streets, not because of its especial advantages to the serf of a citizen, but, mark you, because "it is the cheapest system of street-car propulsion known!" And this ordinance is what all the trouble is about. The press of Philadelphia, with two unfortunate exceptions, opposed the trolley scheme. A "town-meeting" was held at the Academy of Music, at which six thousand persons were present, including most of the city's best merchants, professional elements, and the clergy, and all irrespective of party affiliations, to voice their protest against this attempted invasion of their comfort, quiet, and security. Did it have any effect? Mayor Stuart, to his credit, promptly vetoed the ordinances! And both branches of the City Councils, led by the



"BILL" McMULLIN.

notorious "Bill" McMullin, as promptly set at defiance an outraged public sentiment, and passed the bill over the mayor's veto, an occurrence unknown for twenty-two years before in the annals of the city. How did the Traction people accomplish this? Did they mesmerize, hypnotize, or subsidize Philadelphia's coun-

cils? Was it a club or a "gold stick" held over their submissive heads? Or could it be called a free trade in free silver? When we think of Charles T. Yerkes, who "did" two years and a half in "Cherry Hill" for, in conjunction with City Treasurer Marcer, not being able to distinguish the difference between the city's moneys and their own, representing these same Traction people in Chicago, and that it has been openly charged in Chicago recently that a *quid pro quo* went with the opening of the La Salle Street tunnel to the Traction Company's cable line, there is an irresistible temptation to believe, in this case, that one and one put together make two. "Influence" is a magic power.

When the trolley ordinance was before Philadelphia's legislative bodies, the Traction Company, pilloried by public opinion, as a sop to Cerberus, came forward, through their counsel, with a supplementary agreement or offer—not part and parcel of the ordinance—that if—mind the condescension—the City Councils granted the favors asked, they, the Traction people, would re-pave forty miles of streets! In consideration of the fact, that by a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the State this same company is in arrears to the city in hundreds and thousands of dollars for the evasion of that clause in its charter requiring it to keep in order and good condition the highways it occupies, the guileless ingenueness of this benign tender becomes the most superb piece of corporation effrontery on record.

The Traction Company in its present powerful organization is the work of three men—William H. Kemble (deceased); its president, Peter A. B. Widener, and William L. Elkins. These men have been potential in building up this Traction Company, which has now become of national importance, as its principal members control cable lines in Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, Pittsburg, and Newark, and, by a recent consolidation, eighty-one miles of street-car rails in New York City, including the Broadway road.

Peter Avrell Browne Widener, the president of this great corporation, is a Philadelphian by birth, and after receiving a common-school edu-



P. A. B. WIDENER.

cation followed in the footsteps of his father before him and became a butcher in the Girard Avenue Market, but a few blocks from where his present "palace" stands, at Broad Street and Girard Avenue. "Pete" Widener all his life has been a wire-puller and politician. Elected city treasurer in 1871, he served his term with credit to himself and his city; it must be said he made a good officer, which, for a political berth made notorious by Marcer and Bardsley, of itself speaks well. And although the date of his worldly prosperity seems to start from his occupancy of the treasurer's office, no odor of corruption in office has come to the surface. It was after this that he and the late notorious "Bill" Kemble became so closely identified in street railroads. Always a keen, shrewd manipulator, Mr. Widener has prospered most wonderfully; he is to-day the greatest street-railway magnate in the world, and when one thinks of his humble beginnings it becomes apparent that his advancement has been out of the ordinary.

William L. Elkins is just the reverse of his side-partner, Widener. Mr. Elkins has all his life been a merchant, and in no way identified with politics or political office-holding. He was well known as a wealthy oil merchant long before the Traction came into existence. After "Bill"

Kemble, he is generally credited with being the "brains of the concern." In general make-up they are also widely different. Widener is quick and alert in manner, genial and friendly; Elkins is courteous, too, but reserved and taciturn. A glance at his face tells you he is a deep thinker. Mr. Elkins has in course of erection a superb private residence in Philadelphia, just across Broad Street from Mr. Widener's, one corner of which has an interesting history. Stiles Street, upon which the corner in question rests, is one of those numerous "side streets," as the Philadelphians call them; at the rear of Mr. Elkins's lot lay a large piece of unimproved property belonging to the "Wistar boys," which they had always refused to part with. When Mr. Elkins tried to purchase enough to make his lot "square," he met with the usual surly refusal. He then, to "get even," had the City Councils pass an ordinance widening Stiles Street twenty feet on his side of it, thus lopping off that much of the Wistar property at the city's price. This was outrageous "class legislation," but everybody in the Quaker City looked on with a smile and said, "Served them right."

Messrs. Elkins and Widener have not only been active in street railroads, but their building operations in the northwestern section of Philadelphia have been on a no less extensive scale. Primarily these operations were so many colonies for Traction's lines, but their success from the start was phenomenal. Several thousand dwelling-houses were built by them, not for investment, but for sale and speculation.

From a purely commercial standpoint, everything these men undertake they carry through upon sound business lines. In reaching their ends the means employed are totally at variance with good government and public interests. The Traction Company rides its cars roughshod over private rights and corporate enactments. In Philadelphia their trolley ordinance seems in danger because of their having over-reached themselves. There is a chance that this great public wrong may die at its birth and Philadelphia be spared the humiliation and disgrace her virtuous councilmen thrust upon her.

If it were possible to provide a clean, honest, and honorable municipal rule throughout the country, what an example it would be to people in all walks of life. But when corruption stalks unblushingly in our city council chambers and State Legislatures, what right have we to expect that a premium upon honesty will be recognized as the standard for every man's guidance? If such, however, were possible, then, perhaps, cases like Creamer, who attempted to emulate "Ferd" Ward, will not be heard of. If our City Fathers will set the example of placing an honest name above the possession of money, there may be a chance for the honest toiler to hold his own. So long as our politicians prosper and fatten upon "deals" and "jobs" and "steals," how can we hope that our young men shall have a high opinion of to-day's moral code—every other code is framed or ruthlessly violated for corporations like the Traction Company.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

#### AUSTRALIA AT THE COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION.

THE exhibits from Australia, and more especially from New South Wales, at the Columbian Exhibition promise to be of an exceedingly extensive and diversified character. Among the minerals will be an immense mass of quartz recently discovered in one of the gold-producing districts, beautiful in configuration and containing an unusually large proportion of the precious metal. The New South Wales government has granted \$250,000 toward the expenses of shipment, and the premier of Victoria has recently promised to meet three-fourths of the expenses to be incurred by that colony. It is also suggested that a deputation composed of three gentlemen from each colony, including New Zealand, fully qualified for the work of commissioners, will be deputed to attend the exhibition.

#### PROFESSOR TOTTEN'S BOOK.

THE series of articles which were written for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY by Professor Totten attracted world-wide attention. The editions containing these articles were exhausted, and the demand for them was such as to justify Professor Totten's publishing them in book form. Professor Totten has carefully re-edited them, publishing along with these articles several contributions from other sources which were sent to this paper. These constitute a book of over two hundred and thirty pages, which will be sent from this office on receipt of seventy-five cents, postage paid, to any subscriber who may wish it.





1. THE FLOWER BOOTH. 2. SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE. 3. SOME MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE. 4. AT THE GRAND ENTRANCE.

THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.





THE GRAND ENTRANCE. 5. SOME OF THOSE IN CHARGE OF BOOTHS. 6. GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE GARDEN.  
SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK, MAY 2D-7TH.—[SEE PAGE 229.]



## THE NEW YORK CAMERA CLUB.

This club was an offshoot from the Society of Amateur Photographers of New York, and was organized in 1888, some time before the latter moved into their present quarters in the Telephone building. The Camera Club is comfortably established at 314 Fifth Avenue, and has a membership of over one hundred, embracing well-known and highly-honored names among artists, physicians, and other amateurs in New York. Such workers as James L. Breese, W. T. Colbron, Franklin Harper, Dr. H. G. Piffard, W. A. Fraser, Dr. Backelandt, David Williams, and H. B. Reid among the gentlemen, and Mrs. R. P. Lounsbury, Miss Mary Martin, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, and Miss Stevens among the ladies, are an honor to any photographic organization.

Unless exceptionally well-officered and managed, a very large society is apt to grow unwieldy and its usefulness as a practical force dwindle into nothingness, but the Camera Club is very fortunate in this respect. David Williams has been its president for the last three years, and its other officers are Samuel W. Bridgman, vice-president; Harry B. Reid, secretary; Dr. Robert J. Devlin, treasurer; and Charles W. Stevens, librarian. Its activity is shown by its having a board of trustees comprising nine members, a committee on admissions, a house committee, auditing committee, lantern-slide committee, one on exhibitions, and one on photographic literature and meetings. In its constitution it is stated that members shall practice photography "as amateurs only," and that there shall be five classes, which allows a wide latitude in membership. Members of other incorporated societies pay no initiation fee. The life-members have all the club privileges and pay no annual dues.

This question of dues always seems to be a sore subject in every society or organization, whatever its nature. People will generally prefer situations where there is "little to do and plenty to get," and the office of treasurer, when faithfully exercised, is by no means a sinecure. Corresponding members, by a very sensible provision, are obliged to furnish at least one practical photographic article a year, but pay no dues. They have all the club privileges except voting and holding office. Membership in all these classes is limited. Ladies pay the same dues as non-resident members and are not eligible to office. This last is a mistake; they should pay the same dues as active members and have the same responsibilities and privileges. The initiation fee for resident and non-resident members is twenty-five dollars. The same amount is also annually due from the former and twenty from the latter class. The business meetings are held quarterly, while scientific and illustrated talks are held twice a month except in the summer.

The quarters occupied by the club are on two floors, one containing the meeting-room, library and two smaller rooms, and the upper floor the laboratory, studio, printing-room, lockers, and dark-rooms. The members very wisely prefer, as a general thing, to adopt each some special branch of camera work and seek to excel in it rather than try to cover the whole field. Landscape has among its artists such names as S. W. Bridgman, L. C. Ivory, H. B. Reid, as also Messrs. Williams, Van Brunt, Wainwright, Cassard, Halsey, Stevens, and Harper. Mrs. Carnegie, Miss Stevens, and Miss Martin do excellent landscape work, and some members, notably Messrs. Harper, Devlin, Colbron, and Graves, combine it with other branches, such as portraiture. There are several who excel in this line, especially Mrs. Willard Parker, Jr., Miss Ewen, Miss Martin, Mrs. Lounsbury, Mr. H. J. Hardenbergh, and Mr. J. L. Breese. Most of the members named had some very fine work in the recent print exhibition. The club has the exceptional advantage of a good studio. Dr. Piffard and Dr. Fox devote their efforts to dermatology, Messrs. Work and Taylor to marine views, while Mr. H. A. Blyth and Dr. J. A. Booth have taken up the difficult and rarely well-executed labor of interiors, so apt to be undervalued by unappreciative critics. Mr. William Bunker has adopted the attractive and important field of copying old paintings, and Mr. W. A. Fraser is making a fine reputation as a flower camerist. The softest gradations of tone are managed so skillfully in his work that he is unequalled in this specialty. He uses, generally, orthochromatic plates.

The annual print exhibitions of this club are bringing out a class of constantly improving work in conception, design, and technical execution, and it keeps abreast of the times with their ever-increasing means of improvement, and this is as it should be. Its members have won well-deserved honors abroad as well as at home, especially at the Vienna Exhibition last year. There is a goodly number of slide-makers in

the society and their work is very creditable, as is best shown by the thoughtful criticisms heard at the various exhibitions. Even with two large societies and two or three small ones there are hosts of amateurs in New York without what might be called a photographic home. They will never improve so fast or so intelligently as when they constantly put their work in direct contrast and competition with that of other workers, and nowhere can this be so well done as in a thoroughly organized photographic society.

The Camera Club is yet within its first decade, and when that time arrives what, to judge from the past few years, shall we camerists not have seen in the progress of our art, which we so firmly believe in and honor! Those unbelievers who doubt the possibility of there being any real height, breadth, and depth to photographic work should join such an organization as the New York Camera Club and learn the error of their ways. It is rumored that a finely-equipped club-house is possible in the near future, which cannot fail to attract a large and valuable membership. Accompanying this article are examples of some of the best work of this society, which will thoroughly bear me out in what I have said as to the ability of its members. Mrs. Lounsbury, Mr. Reid, and Mr. Fraser are winning favorable notice wherever their work is known, and the club can well afford to hold in honor such faithful workers. Mrs. Lounsbury is seen at her best in the well-managed lighting of the portrait study on another page. The face is round and soft besides being clearly defined in detail, but the background is a trifle confusing to the eye. Mr. Fraser's flower study shows a fine modeling as to form and delicate gradation of half-tones rarely seen in such work, and Mr. Reid's landscape indicates with what simple materials it is possible to obtain praiseworthy results. The only criticism needful is that some indication of human life would have added greatly to the interest of the picture.

CATHARINE WEED BARNES.

## IN FASHION'S GLASS.

To begin with the novelties—and we are ever crying for "something new"—one of the prettiest is the lace blouse, which is made over a tight silk lining, and is thoroughly Parisian. For this purpose the coarse kinds of laces form the best possible effects, such as the Irish point and Honiton, *guipure de gène*, and the like. Old rose, powder blue, and moss green or heliotrope are the prettiest shades for the silk lining, and then the lace is put over with fullness. What may be called an ideal bodice is made of shot surah, in a most exquisite combination of pale green and peach color. It is tucked all over lengthwise from the neck; while the back fits tightly, the front overhangs a folded sash which terminates at the left side in a bow-knot. The sleeves are very full above the elbow and tight to the wrist, while a folded band to correspond with the sash finishes the neck, and is ornamented at one side with a similar bow of the silk. These shot silks abound for the extraneous portions of costumes, and are marvelously pretty. There are shot surahs sprigged with tiny sprays, and shot satins striped with tiny color lines and sprayed all over with chiné silk flowers, and shot bengalines which are indeed things of beauty.

A most attractive costume is a blue and red shot surah, showing a wavy line of red spotted with apple-green dots. It is made with a deep Russian blouse belted beneath a waistband of apple-green velvet tied on the left hip in a butterfly bow. Round the arm-holes are bands of this green ribbon velvet tied on the shoulders in knots, while the sleeves are very full. In the narrow rill round the hem of the plain skirt are arranged erect loops of the velvet ribbon. Another charmingly attractive costume is made of blue surah shot with gold and figured with dark red daisies tipped with pale gold. The gown is cut in the princess style, and round the shoulders is a frill of black silk-worsted lace, while a Watteau pleat falls gracefully into the short train at the back. The upper portion of the bodice is full, and it is caught on the bust and just below the waist with quaint buckles.

The very original costume illustrated is made of bengaline in gray and white. It is extremely striking and picturesque, and the garnitures consist of gray velvet and silk embroidery. The accompanying hat is made of black rice straw trimmed with a drapery of green velvet and black feathers. The face is enveloped in the very prettiest of all the fashionable veils, that is full around the brim and drawn tightly beneath the chin. The only drawback to this is the discomfort in hot weather; but one will frequently suffer to look beautiful. The long, loose-flowing veil in which our grandmothers used to delight, and which instead of being raised is simply

pushed to one side, is being made of the finely-patterned laces, but it is no less ugly for all that, and there is little chance of its obtaining general favor.

Among the later novelties in hats many are made in black straw, lined and hemmed with



VISITING COSTUME.

colored straw, one of which is a specially becoming shape turning up slightly at each side, pointed toward the front, and short at the back. Very few of the hats are turned up at the back now. The hat referred to is made of black and faced with pale-blue straw, trimmed with a bunch of black feathers and forget-me-nots. The favorite of the moment is the Welsh hat with a steeple crown; but there is likely to be a revival of the old boat-shaped hat, low and flat, and encircled with long ostrich feathers.

ELLA STARR.

## THE NOYES-ROCKWELL CASE.

The extent to which an extreme partisanship will carry a political party is well illustrated by the action of the majority in the House of Representatives in the Noyes-Rockwell election case, which has recently occupied the attention of that body. It will be remembered that Rockwell was given the seat from the Twenty-eighth New York District in the face of a decision by the New York Court of Appeals that Noyes had a majority of sixteen votes. The latter contested the case, and evidence was taken before the House Committee on Elections, in which all the facts were carefully presented. That committee reported that, making all allowance for alleged fraudulent votes on both sides, there was a clear majority for Noyes of six, and that he, therefore, should be given the seat. This majority report was signed by seven out of nine Democrats and six Republicans composing the committee.

Mr. Rockwell, however, was the personal friend and representative of Senator Hill, and the latter immediately set about defeating the adoption of the committee report. All sorts of influences were brought to bear upon Democratic Congressmen to secure a decision in favor of Rockwell. When the report came up for final action three days were given to its discussion. The chairman of the Committee on Elections, Mr. O'Ferrall, of Virginia, made an able and exhaustive speech in favor of Noyes on the facts and law of the case. Other prominent Democrats supported the same view. Messrs. Bourke Cockran and Fellows, the immediate representatives of Tammany Hall, were called to the support of Rockwell, and by appealing to party prejudices and passions, and by vigorous denunciations of Chairman O'Ferrall and other Democrats who felt it to be their duty to support the claim of Mr. Noyes, they were able to defeat the committee and retain Rockwell in his seat by a vote of one hundred and twenty to one hundred and ten. Forty-eight Democrats voted in favor of seating Mr. Noyes.

The last hours of the debate were characterized by great bitterness, and the scene during the progress of the voting was marked by great

excitement. We give elsewhere some pictures illustrative of the closing scenes of this notable controversy. It should be added that to some extent the antagonism between the friends of Mr. Cleveland and Senator Hill entered into the contest, and the defeat of the committee is claimed as a Hill triumph.

## FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

## THE FRENCH DETECTIVE FORCE.

We reproduce from *Black and White* a picture of M. Goron, chief of the Paris detective force, at his office desk. This force is noted for its efficiency, especially in dealing with perpetrators of the more serious crimes. Murderers, for instance, rarely escape.

## ROME INUNDATED.

The storied Tiber is a sluggish and unimpressive-looking stream during the greater part of the year; but the spring freshets of the Umbrian and Sabine hills swell it to a turbulent, rolling flood, which bursts the bounds of embankments and overflows all the lower portions of the city of Rome. It has done this regularly ever since the days of the Caesars, so that the Romans are as thoroughly accustomed to it as we are to the spring house-cleaning or May-day moving. The antique monuments seem to stand it well, also, as among those surrounded by this year's floods were the Pantheon of Agrippa and the Temple of Vesta—both famous relics of Pagan Rome.

## BISMARCK'S SEVENTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY.

On the first of April, Prince Bismarck's seventy-seventh birthday was celebrated with unwonted honors and festivities at his home at Friedrichsruhe, while simultaneously his partisans organized complimentary reunions and banquets in the various German capitals, and even in Austria, Italy, and Belgium. The veteran statesman himself received visits, deputations, and addresses innumerable, together with some five thousand dispatches, five hundred letters, and two hundred wreaths, not to mention presents and testimonials of all descriptions. In the evening there was a torchlight procession, which the Prince and his family reviewed from the terrace of their residence.

## THE FRENCH IN DAHOMEY.

The little black kingdom of Dahomey, on the western coast of Africa, formally acknowledged the nominal protectorate of Portugal until the year 1885, when the latter country withdrew her claim, and since that time the predominant influence has been that of France, with England and Germany for rivals. The principal seaboard towns, where the factories and posts of the Europeans are established, are Whidah, Porto Novo, and Kotonou. The latter was ceded to the French by King Gelele. Gelele's son, Behanzin, undertook to revoke his father's concession, and so brought on the war of 1890, when a French force was landed at Kotonou, and repelled an attack of the Dahoman army upon the place. The subsequent collisions between the French and this so-called kingdom have been brought about by the intrigues necessarily resulting from the rivalry of the European Powers, and the desire of each to extend its possessions on the Gulf of Guinea. It is surmised, from the tone of the Paris press, that the present campaign will be directed to effect the ultimate subjugation of Dahomey and the establishment of a French protectorate.

## THE QUEEN'S HOLIDAY.

We give elsewhere a picture, reproduced from the *Illustrated London News*, of a scene in the daily life of Queen Victoria, at Hyeres, in the Riviera. The Queen's sojourn at this delightful spot has been one of uninterrupted enjoyment, and she returns to England greatly recruited in strength. Her habit was to enjoy daily drives in the neighborhood of her abode at Costebelle.

## THE PARIS DYNAMITERS' REVENGE.

It was on March 30th that Ravachol, the anarchist conspirator who is responsible for the recent dynamite outrages that have terrorized Paris, was arrested in the wine-shop of M. Véry, No. 22 Boulevard Magenta. His trial was set for April 26th. Meanwhile, M. Véry received numerous threatening letters from anarchists, who declared that before May 1st they would amply avenge the "betrayal" of Ravachol. The place was thronged with sight-seers, and watched more or less closely by the police. On the evening of Monday, April 25th, when the wine-shop was half filled with guests, it was blown up by the terrific explosion of a bomb that must have contained ten or twelve pounds of dynamite, and had been placed in the corridor near the door. Ten persons were seriously injured, and the proprietor, M. Véry, died during the night.



## JOHNNIE'S REFUGE.

Two little feet trudging over the road—  
Daylight was fading away;  
One little face, very frightened and sad,  
Watching the shadows at play;  
Two little eyes looking up to the skies,  
One little quivering chin;  
Two little lips parted innocently  
One little prayer to begin.



One aged form coming over the road—  
Daylight was fading away;  
One kindly face where from morning till eve  
Flitted the sunbeams at play.  
Two little eyes again raised to the skies;  
Cloudless the one little brow—  
"You needn't take care of me longer, dear Lord;  
I can see grandfather now."  
FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

## HOW THE WITCH WAS SAVED.

"LOOK after the little one carefully to-day, Elspeth; there is too much of heat in her hand, and her head is too heavy to please me well," said Dr. Endicott, anxiously, as he wearily picked up his soft, broad hat.

"Master, you cannot mean—"

"Hush! Not a word to the child, but keep her close by the house and in the warm sunshine. Above all, she must suffer no alarm or suspicion of my fears." And the doctor strode away with hurried footsteps but a fearful heart.

For many days the fever had raged in Salem town. The stricken inhabitants thought little of giving it a fitter name, for day by day heads drooped, eyes grew wild in delirium, hearts cold in death, and loved forms were laid in the shady church-yard, where row after row of unsodden mounds mutely told the terrors of the plague.

Thin and worn under the strain of sleepless nights and toilsome days; faithfully going the round of duty, unwearied, thoughtless of self with tender hand and sympathetic word lightening the sufferings of rich and poor, Dr. Endicott, with something very like a chill of despair, thought of the flushed face and drooping head of his little Margaret, his one darling, his Daisy. And his memory traveled back to the sweet May morning, some seven years ago, when upon his door step he had found a tiny baby girl, with a faded little white field-daisy clutched tight in her chubby hand. Into his heart and his empty home he had taken the little stranger, and the home was empty no longer, for baby smiles and baby kisses, lisping words and the pitter of little feet awoke sweet echoes in the long oaken corridors, driving away the shadows of loneliness. And now, the fever! He hastened on.

Scarcely less troubled was old Elspeth, who had given the child all she had known of a mother's care. But Elspeth had a foolish tongue, and lived in Salem town in days when superstitions were many and horrible; when fires burned for witches, and no one was safe from the attacks of the terrible Town Council; and when she bade the child stay near the house, forgetful of the doctor's command, she said:

"Stray not from the garden, dearie, or the witch-woman will find thee and give thee the fever, and make the blood in thy veins burn hot as the fires on Witch's Hill."

The morning wore away. Little Daisy tried to play with her kitten, but some way her head seemed very dizzy and strange. She commenced to make a ball of her namesake flowers, but their little white faces appeared to nod and sway as she tried to pluck them. Her hands refused to do her bidding; she was very, very hot, and oh, so thirsty! The tired head fell forward on the grass, and the eyelids closed in feverish sleep.

Suddenly in her dreams she cried out: "Oh, Elspeth, Elspeth, I am afraid!" and a sob gathered in her throat. But Elspeth was nodding over her knitting and did not hear. At the cry the gate was opened, and a strange-looking woman, who with bent head had for a long hour paced the walk outside the high garden wall, entered quickly, and bending with outstretched arms beside the sleeping child, murmured, with streaming tears: "My baby, my baby!"

At the sound Daisy's eyes opened heavily and gazed straight into those above her. For a moment only. Then, with terror the child tore her hand from the detaining grasp of the woman, and scream after scream awoke the echoes of the quiet garden.

"The witch! the witch! I am burning; she has given me the fever!"

From every side people came running. Elspeth, the neighbors, the passers-by, but for a moment all feared to approach the pair under the apple-tree. Little Daisy crouched on the grass, the fever-look they all knew so well in her face; and the woman—she stood back against the tree, her knees trembling, her eyes wild with terror, her dark hair, with threads of silver interwoven, blown loose and disheveled. Truly a strange figure. Then Elspeth, grown brave for the child's sake, gathered Daisy in her arms, and the town constable, bolder than his fellows, with rough hands seized the terrified woman and dragged her away at the head of a yelling mob.

"Burn the witch!"

"She is the one who has brought the fever to our town; burn her and the fever with her!"

Horrible cries these to one who was friendless and had seen more than one fire burn on Witch's Hill.

Hurrying home when once the alarm had reached him, the doctor listened with grave eyes to the nurse's tale, as with bits of ice and cooling drinks he soothed the feverish throat of his darling, who lay tossing in delirium and crying out about the witch. And the shadows darkened on the doctor's face as the night wore on, for well he knew the uncontrollable force of the people when such tales had passed through the town; and he feared the council all the more because his mind was clear and strong, and he scorned to believe in witch tales and goblin stories. But he could do nothing rashly, for it was not safe to declare such thoughts as his in those days of darkness and superstition, and he might safely wait until day.

When morning came the child was sleeping, and leaving Elspeth to watch, he started forth on his difficult errand.

First to the chief of the council. To him he told the story simply, that he might hear it unadorned by the voice of rumor. Also he related how the fever had seemed to be upon the child in the early morning, when he had seen her sitting in her little bed with heavy eyes and tumbled curls. He received permission, as guardian of the child, to be present at the trial, and won a promise of delay. Then to the prison. Here all was desolation. Chained to a ring of iron, the poor woman lay exhausted on the damp and clammy stones, almost crazed by this, the last of many griefs. The doctor sat beside her, soothed her with that touch of sympathy so many had known in their time of bitter trial, and won from her lips a wonderful story; but one that made the anxious shade grow still deeper on his thoughtful face.

With little Daisy all went well. The fever broke, and in the sweet sleep of rest that followed the only words the child-lips uttered were: "She said 'My baby.'" And the doctor laid his plans.

When the day of the trial came, held close in Dr. Endicott's arms, the child told the great men of the council how her head had ached and she could not play for dizziness all that terrible morning, and how Elspeth had told her the witch-woman would give her the fever. The doctor told that in searching far for the cause of the fever he had found a leak in the drain of the great dye factory on the hill, so that the poison of the coloring stuffs had mingled with the pretty stream running through the centre of their town, and that from drinking the water the people had died. And then the woman, with tears and trembling, told her tale. How she had been unhappy and poor and deserted. How, knowing the doctor to be good and true, she had one day left her baby at his door and wandered away to find work and make a home for her child. Of the years of trouble, of sickness and toil, and lastly how she had come back to die near her little one, only to be branded with the terrible name of witch by the lips of her own child.

And the eyes of the grave gentlemen were moist and tender when she had closed her tale, and little Daisy, with arms close about the poor

wanderer's neck, had covered the dear face with kisses.

Then Dr. Endicott knew he had gained a victory. With joyful heart he led them both to his home that night, and from that day little Daisy really knew what a mother's care could be, for her joys were ever shared in dear companionship, and her little troubles whispered into ears unflinching in sympathy—mother's ears. And she never forgot how, in finding her, that mother had nearly been lost.

## PRIZE WINNERS.

It has been a pleasant task to read the many prettily told, neatly written, and satisfactory little stories sent by the boys and girls in response to the last prize offer. Not a word of fault could be found with their neatness this time; only one was written in pencil, and the majority on only one side of the paper. It was very difficult to judge between them, and those who were not fortunate enough to win this time must surely try again, for so many children very nearly equaled the prize story that perhaps next time good luck will fall among them. Meanwhile I have an agreeable surprise in store for the girls. It has been decided to give a second doll prize as well as the one already promised. And this decision is perfectly fair to the boys, because so many more letters are received each month from girls than from boys that the chance of winning will be about the same.

The prize winners this month are:

1st girl's prize. Katharine Stearns Haskell, South Boston, Mass.

2d girl's prize. Mariana Rogers, East Moorestown, New Jersey.

Boy's prize. George W. Churchill, Weedsport, N. Y.

Each month the names of twelve children whose letters rank next in merit to the prize winners will be mentioned. They are this time: Anna Parker, Fern Fleming, Ethel Wiggins, Isabelle Fisher, Margaretta Kinne, Annie Forbes, Louis Barton, Albert Millen, Mikey Phillips, Abner Thorp, Arthur Stanley Copeland.

## PRIZE OFFER.

The prizes this month will be the same as before. Two French dolls for the girls and a jointed fishing-rod for the boys. They will be awarded for the most correct, prompt, and neatly written answers to the three following questions:

1st. Omitting George Washington, who may be called the greatest American hero?

2d. Why was he a hero?

3d. When did the cross become an emblem of war rather than a sign of peace?

All answers must be sent in by May 18th, and should be addressed, care Children's Department, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City. This prize offer is open to all competitors.

## SOME CURIOUS FACTS.

It is curious to think that it is not always the fruit of a plant which is eaten. The fruit of a plant is that which holds the seed. A bean-pod is the fruit of a bean plant, and when the fruit is ripe it splits open and inside are the seeds, ripe and succulent. So it is with the pea plant, the seeds only are edible, but the pod is the fruit. Coffee, again, is a seed, and so are all the grains. Often the root alone is used—onions, beets, carrots, and many others. With spinach it is the plant itself, and with tea the tender leaves. Just here is a very strange thing in the vegetable world. From the leaves of the same small plant, often scarce a foot and a half tall, many kinds of tea may be gathered. Most rare and valuable, the two tiny leaves on the tip end of each stalk are carefully removed, dried and cured, to be sold only in the Chinese Empire, and there to the elect of the land. Then two by two the leaves are gathered as they point delicately out in pairs from either side of the parent stalk. The finest, rarest, and most expensive teas are made from the youngest leaves, small, tender and pale-green in color; and so, two by two, the plant is stripped of its foliage, and as the leaves grow darker, larger and tougher, so the tea is stronger, more rank, and cheaper. Thus from one small tea plant all varieties of kind and cost may be gathered.

A LITTLE girl said to me once, "I hate to wash dishes, but when mamma tells me to I try and wash them, so my conscience is clean, too." It sounded very funny from her lips, for she was a little will-o'-the-wisp, with saucy black eyes. But she was right. In the simplest daily task the conscience can be washed "clean, too." I saw four men carrying bricks one day. One worked busily while his master's eyes were watching, but smoked by a sunny wall in his absence; another tossed the bricks into his hod with feverish energy and ran up the plank with hurried steps in the morning, but by night was unable to work from fatigue; again, another wandered with idle steps, stretched his arms, yawned, and slowly half filled his hod; while the fourth industriously plied backward and forward from the brick pile to where the masons were at work, diligently, methodically working, without haste, without waste. Which of the four do you think had at night best earned his daily wages?

## Graphology

Twenty lines of handwriting sent care Graphological Department, Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly, will entitle any reader to a short sketch of psychological traits to be published in this column under any name or nom-de-plume specified.

J. A. G., Syracuse, N. Y.—Is refined, neat, candid, and kind. Her handwriting is perfectly open and frank, she is well educated, observing, and active. Without being mean, she is thrifty, industrious, and a good manager. She has a strong sense of self-respect. Her ambitions and vanities are thoroughly feminine in type, as is her temperament and also her taste. She has some egotism but is not selfish. Without being weak, she has often bent her will to one stronger. She is capable of sincere affection, but it is not the affection of an enthusiast, and is not too easily roused. In all things she is painstaking, her speech is calm and discreet, and there is in her lines good indication of that best of all feminine qualities—tact.

Addie, Minooka, Ill.—Is industrious, careful, and painstaking. Her handwriting shows sincerity, truth, and generosity, with an occasional touch of selfishness; also thrift rather than extravagance. She is neat tenacious, ambitious in a modest way, is capable of sincere affection, and shows a general disposition to good intention and reliability.

F. O. O. F., Marion, Ind.—You are somewhat ambitious, generally good-tempered, sympathetic, and are vivacious and companionable. You possess self-respect and are inclined to be self-appreciative, an excellent thing if you guard against vanity. Though communicative you are capable of reticence, are affectionate and a bit given to sentiment, and, in spite of considerable tenacity and perseverance, are not difficult to influence, if only the right means are employed. You promise well and have sufficient force to make the result largely the work of your own hands.

W. W. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Is educated, practical, sufficiently methodical and active. He is careful of detail, business-like and wide-awake in idea and practice. While firm, tenacious, and confident, he is yet open to logical argument. He knows very well what he wants, however, and is untroubled by inner waverings and uncertainties. Self-respect is visible, and, in the sample of his handwriting under inspection, some indication of failure of health or ambition. It may only be incidental in this specimen and not a general rule.

Misharrum, Villa Lerdo, Mexico.—Is cultivated, fluent with tongue and pen, with a gift of ready and graceful expression. His instincts of observation and appreciation are very keen, his tastes and ambitions high in type. He is persevering, versatile and firm, is easily capable of finesse, and dominates his surroundings with good temper but decision. He has a distinct capacity for calculation, planning and execution, is possessed in a marked degree of ability that is either scientific or literary, perhaps somewhat of both. Egotism is visible, not to any undue extent, but rather in the form of self-esteem and proper pride.

B. H. J., Charleston, S. C.—Is tenacious and a bit obstinate at times. He is careful of detail, neat and painstaking. Some vanity is visible, education and ambition in moderation. He is sincere and frank, is capable of affection, and although fairly energetic, is most appreciative of the comforts of ease and plenty.

J. H. von Hasseln, Anderson, S. C.—Is educated, somewhat critical, practical, fairly candid, and careful in detail. He is firm, warm in temperament, but not unrefined. Is self-appreciative and most desirous of the appreciation of others. He is ready in speech but not communicative, is persevering, tenacious, capable, and is a useful man.

Walter Drew, Newark, N. J.—You are refined, neat, and careful; are candid, frank, and trustworthy. Good temper is apparent, also generosity and some imagination. You are gifted with good taste and self-control, have not the habit of intense application and concentration, would do well to cultivate personal force and self-confidence—but not vanity, be sure. Recollect that man as often makes the opportunity as opportunity the man, and the glory is all the greater. Your abilities do not point in any one exceptional direction, but are above the average, as is your candor and reliability. Bend these to the opportunity at hand and work confidently.





PORTRAIT: BY MRS. R. P. LOUNSBERY.



ROSES: BY MR. WILLIAM A. FRASER.



VILLAGE BLACKSMITH-SHOP, CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON: BY H. B. REID.

SOME EXAMPLES OF AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY BY MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK CAMERA CLUB.  
[SEE ARTICLE BY MRS. CATHARINE WEED BARNES ON PAGE 236.]





1. THE FRENCH IN DAHOMEY—A DEBARKATION AT KOTONOU. 2. QUEEN VICTORIA TAKING A DRIVE AT HYERES. 3. FLOODS IN ROME—THE TEMPLE OF VESTA. 4. THE PLAZA OF THE PANTHEON, ROME. 5. A TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION AT FRIEDRICHSHUHE ON BISMARCK'S SEVENTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY. 6. M. GORON, CHIEF OF THE PARIS DETECTIVE FORCE. 7. THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE. 8. THE RESTAURANT VÉRY, PARIS, RECENTLY BLOWN UP BY SYMPATHIZERS WITH RAVACHOL, THE ANARCHIST.

SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[SEE PAGE 236.]



## A DELIGHTFUL SPRING TOUR TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

To see the national capital thoroughly and under the most favorable circumstances the medium is at hand in the Pennsylvania Railroad's personally-conducted tours. The company has arranged for May 5th, from New York, a tour of exceptional attractiveness, designed to accommodate those who desire to make a somewhat prolonged stay in Washington, five and three-quarter days being allotted to the capital. Tickets will be sold from New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Newark at \$32.50 for adults and \$29 for children between five and twelve years; and from Trenton at \$32 for adults and \$29 for children between five and twelve years.

Tourists have the option of securing accommodations at either the Arlington or La Normandie, two of the best hotels in Washington. Special cars will be provided for the journey between New York and Washington, and, in short, every care will be taken to insure a delightful time while under the charge of the personally-conducted tourist system of the Pennsylvania Railroad. A carriage drive about Washington and a trip to Mt. Vernon are included in the rate, which covers every necessary expense for the entire time absent. The tour will reach New York on return trip the afternoon of May 11th.

Applications for space and itinerary should be made to Tourist Agent Pennsylvania Railroad, 849 Broadway, New York, or 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

"How true it is," quoth Sancho, piously, "that the blind pig is no judge of a handsome woman!" He who would know more of the worldly wisdom of Sancho, and of the later marvelous adventures of the Knight of La Mancha, should ask at Brentano's (New York and Chicago) for a copy of "The New Don Quixote." He will get a hearty rib-tickling laugh for every marvel he pays for it.

### "SPRINGFIELD LINE."

The oldest and best all-rail line between Boston and New York is, undoubtedly, the "Springfield Line." In operation since early in the 'fifties, it has always been synonymous with everything that is first-class, and to-day its express trains, leaving either terminus at 9 and 11 A.M. daily except Sunday, and 4 and 11 P.M. daily, maintain the very enviable reputation for comfort, security, and speed.

THE TOURIST. Have you seen it? Utica, N. Y.

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VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—"Once tried, used always."

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### CREEDE CAMP, COLORADO.

The attention of investors, speculators, and mine-owners is called to this new mining district. This camp, now eighteen months old, is to-day shipping twenty-five carloads of ore per day. It is expected that by June 1st there will be fully ten thousand people in the camp.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is the only line running trains directly to the camp. For information, rates of fare, etc., address S. K. Hooper, G. P. and T. A., Denver.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
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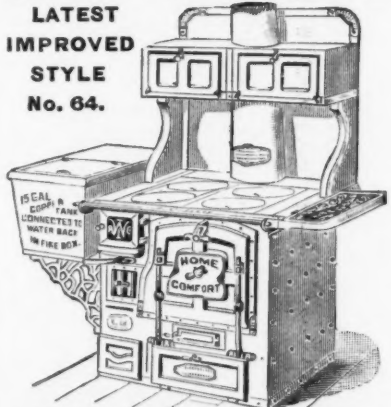
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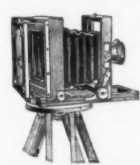
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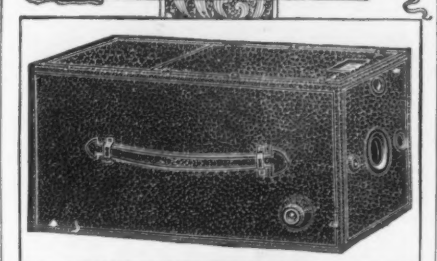
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